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Tennyson, Alfred Tennyson  
Holly from Tennyson

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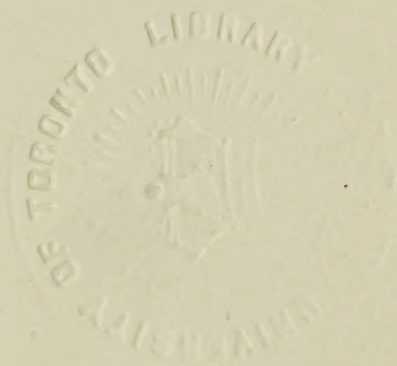


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Tennyson, Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron,  
Selections,

# Holly

FROM  
Tennyson

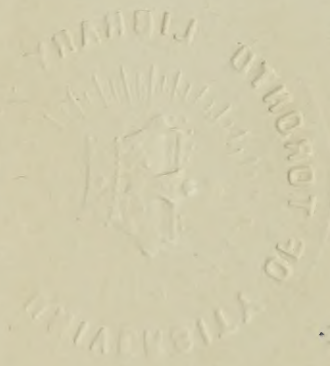


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**I** WOULD that happiness were  
gold, that I  
Might cast my largess of it to  
the crowd.    *The Cup.*

**T**HE time draws near the birth  
of Christ:  
The moon is hid; the night  
is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill  
to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

*In Memoriam.*



MAKE Thou my spirit pure  
and clear  
As are the frosty skies,  
Or this first snowdrop of  
the year  
That in my bosom lies.  
*St. Agnes.*

He that walks . . . only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples which outredde  
All voluptuous garden-roses.

*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever  
reaping something new;  
That which they have done but earnest of  
the things that they shall do.

*Locksley Hall.*

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And drown'd in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

*In Memoriam.*

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.

*The Princess.*



O fret not, like an idle girl,  
That life is dash'd with flecks  
of sin.  
Abide: thy wealth is gather'd in,  
When Time hath sunder'd shell  
from pearl.

*In Memoriam.*

Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill.

. . . . .  
That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete.

*In Memoriam.*

I too would teach the man  
Beyond the darker hour to see the bright,  
That his fresh life may close as it began,  
The still-fulfilling promise of a light  
Narrowing the bounds of night.

*Progress of Spring.*

Better not be at all  
Than not be noble.

*The Princess.*





At last I heard a voice upon the slope  
Cry to the summit, "Is there  
any hope?"  
To which an answer peal'd from  
that high land,  
But in a tongue no man could  
understand;  
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn  
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

*The Vision of Sin.*

. . . The path that each man trod  
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds :  
What fame is left for  
human deeds  
In endless age?  
It rests with God,

*In Memoriam.*





RING out, wild bells, to the  
wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the  
frosty light:  
The year is dying in the  
night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

*In Memoriam.*

A faith as clear as the heights of the June-  
blue heaven,  
And a fancy as summer new  
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom  
of the heather.

*June Bracken and Heather.*

The bee buzz'd up in the heat,  
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."  
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,  
For now is the spring of the year,  
So come, come!"  
"Hum!"

And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

*The Foresters.*



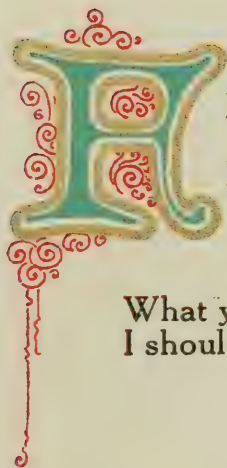
N her ear he whispers gayly,  
"If my heart by signs can tell,  
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,  
And I think thou lov'st me well."

. . . . .  
O but she will love him truly!  
He shall have a cheerful home;  
She will order all things duly,  
When beneath his roof they come.  
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,  
Till a gateway she discerns  
With armorial bearings stately,  
And beneath the gate she turns;  
Sees a mansion more majestic  
Than all those she saw before:  
Many a gallant, gay domestic  
Bows before him at the door.  
And they speak in gentle murmur,  
When they answer to his call,  
While he treads with footsteps firmer  
Leading on from hall to hall.  
And while now she wonders blindly,  
Nor the meaning can divine,  
Proudly turns he round, and kindly,  
"All of this is mine and thine."

*The Lord of Burleigh.*







LOWER, in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,—  
Hold you here, root and all, in  
my hand,  
Little flower,—but if I could  
understand

What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

*"Flower in the Crannied Wall."*

Be wise,  
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,  
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of  
Faith!

She reels not in the storm of warring words,  
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and  
"No,"

She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the  
Worst,

She feels the sun is hid but for a night,  
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud.

*The Ancient Sage.*

More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore,  
let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

*The Passing of Arthur.*



ACH by turns was guide to each,  
And Fancy light from Fancy  
caught,  
And Thought leapt out to wed  
with Thought,  
Ere Thought could wed itself  
with Speech. *In Memoriam.*

The soul of the woods hath stricken thro'  
my blood,  
The love of freedom, the desire of God,  
The hope of larger life hereafter.

*The Foresters.*

The Peak is high and flush'd  
At his highest with sunrise fire:  
The Peak is high, and the stars are high,  
And the thought of a man is higher.

*The Voice and the Peak.*

. . . To me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.

*Sir Galahad.*

New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:  
New life, new love to suit the newer day:  
New loves are sweet as those that went  
before.

*The Last Tournament.*





**H**E hath no thought of  
coming woes,  
He hath no care of  
life or death  
Scarce outward signs of joy arise,  
Because the Spirit of happiness  
And perfect rest so inward is.  
*Supposed Confessions.*

How sweetly smells the honeysuckle!  
. . . As if the world were one  
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness!  
*Gareth and Lynette.*



KNOWLEDGE is now no more  
a fountain seal'd:  
Drink deep, until the habits  
of the slave,  
The sins of emptiness, gossip,  
and spite,  
And slander die.

*The Princess.*

. . . Any man that walks the mead,  
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,  
According as his humors lead,  
A meaning suited to his mind.

*The Day Dream.*

The wish, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave,  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul?

*In Memoriam.*

On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped  
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze  
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it  
down:

Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom.

*Enoch Arden.*

The loss that brought us pain,  
That loss but made us love the more.

*The Miller's Daughter.*



NOT sowing hedgerow texts and  
passing by,  
Nor dealing goodly counsel  
from a height  
That makes the lowest hate it,  
but a voice  
Of comfort and an open hand of help.

*Aylmer's Field.*

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all  
things move ;  
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun ;  
The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse;  
And human things returning on themselves  
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

*The Golden Year.*

A second voice was at mine ear,  
A little whisper silver-clear,  
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

*The Two Voices.*

Forward, forward let us range.  
Let the great world spin forever down the  
ringing grooves of change.

*Locksley Hall.*

Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.

*The Lotos-Eaters.*







LIKE souls that balance joy and pain,  
With tears and smiles from  
heaven again  
The maiden Spring upon the  
plain  
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.  
In crystal vapor everywhere,  
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,  
And far, in forest-deeps unseen,  
The topmost elm tree gather'd green  
From draughts of balmy air.

*Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.*

Love is hurt with jar and fret,  
Love is made a vague regret.

*The Miller's Daughter.*

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

*In Memoriam.*

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote  
on all the chords with might;  
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,  
pass'd in music out of sight.

*Locksley Hall.*



ET Hope shall be the star that  
lights our night of grief  
on earth;  
And she shall point to sweeter  
morns, when brighter  
suns shall rise,  
And spread the radiance of their rays  
o'er earth, and seas, and skies.

*"How gayly sinks the gorgeous sun  
within his golden bed.*

Warble, bird, and open flower, and, men  
below the dome of azure,  
Kneel, adoring Him the Timeless in the  
flame that measures Time!

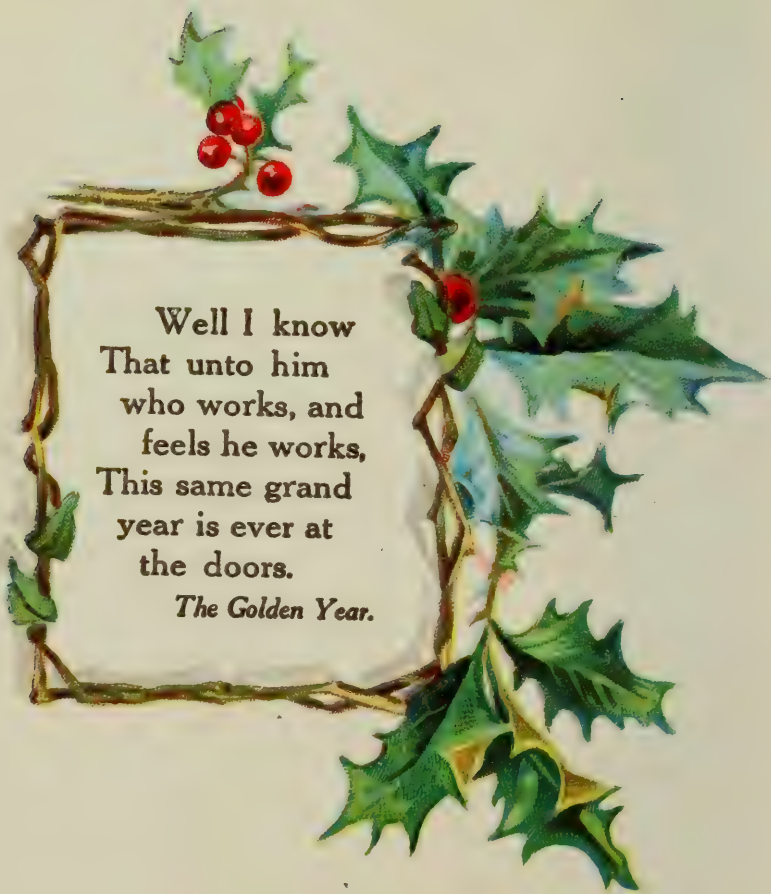
*Akbar's Dream.*

Let be thy wail and help thy fellowmen,  
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy  
king,  
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,  
And send the day into the darken'd heart,  
Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men.

*The Ancient Sage.*

The fairest flower on earth must fade,  
The brightest hopes on earth must die:  
Why should we mourn that man was made  
To droop on earth, but dwell on high?

*"Why should we weep for those who die?"*



Well I know  
That unto him  
who works, and  
feels he works,  
This same grand  
year is ever at  
the doors.

*The Golden Year.*

Nature, so far as in her lies,  
Imitates God, and turns her face,  
To every land beneath the skies,  
Counts nothing that she meets with base,  
But lives and loves in every place.

*On a Mourner.*





URN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and  
lower the proud;  
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sun-  
shine, storm and cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither  
love nor hate.

Smile and we smile, the lords of  
many lands;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our  
own hands;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

*Enid.*

Can trouble live with April days,  
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,  
The little speedwell's darling blue,  
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,  
Laburnums, dropping wells of fire.

*In Memoriam.*

And had some prophet spoken true  
Of all we shall achieve,  
The wonders were so wildly new  
That no man would believe.

*Mechanophilus.*



S He not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning? if I flee  
to these  
Can I go from Him? and the sea  
is His,  
The sea is His: He made it.

*Enoch Arden.*

No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,  
And to conciliate, as their names who dare  
For that sweet motherland which gave  
them birth

Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names,  
Graven on memorial columns, are a song  
Heard in the future . . .

. . . their examples reach a hand  
Far thro' all years, and everywhere they  
meet

And kindle generous purpose, and the  
strength

To mould it into action pure as theirs.

*Tiresias.*

. . . Like a child in doubt and fear:  
But that blind clamor made me wise;  
Then was I as a child that cries,  
But, crying, knows his father near.

*In Memoriam.*

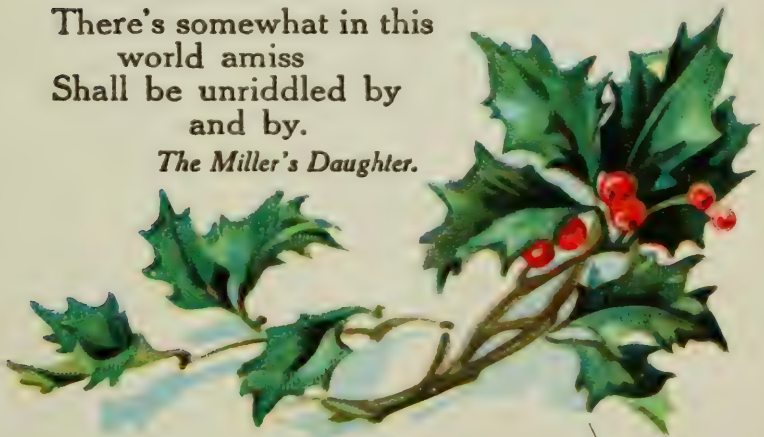


WAIT, and Love himself will bring  
The drooping flower of knowl-  
edge changed to fruit  
Of Wisdom. Wait: my faith  
is large in Time  
And that which shapes it to some per-  
fect end.

*Love and Duty.*

There's somewhat in this  
world amiss  
Shall be unriddled by  
and by.

*The Miller's Daughter.*





UNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of  
the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

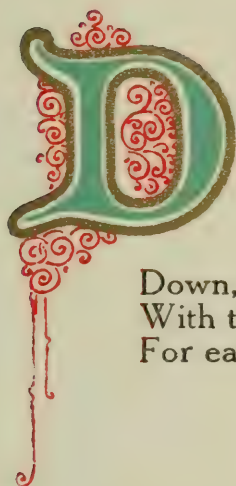
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam  
When that which drew from out the  
boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark!

For tho' from out the bourne of  
Time and Place  
The flood will bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.  
*Crossing the Bar.*

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with  
the day;  
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they  
fade away.  
*The Foresters.*





DOWN with ambition, avarice,  
pride,  
Jealousy, down! cut off from  
the mind  
The bitter springs of anger and  
fear;

Down, too, down at your own fireside,  
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,  
For each is at war with man-kind.

*Maud.*

Above the perilous seas of Change and  
Chance  
. . . hold out the lights of cheerfulness,  
As the tall ship, that many a dreary year  
Knit to some dismal sand-bank far at sea,  
All thro' the livelong hours of utter dark,  
Showers slanting light upon the dolorous  
wave.

*The Lover's Tale.*

He that wrongs his friend  
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about  
A silent court of justice in his breast,  
Himself the judge and jury, and himself  
The prisoner at the bar ever condemned.

*Sea Dreams.*

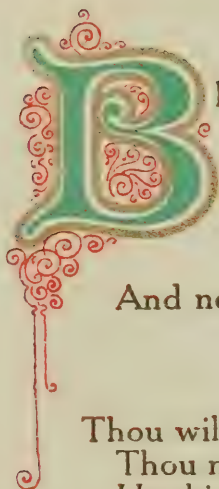




MILING, frowning, evermore,  
Thou art perfect in love-lore,  
Revealings deep and clear are  
thine  
Of wealthy smiles: but who may  
know  
Whether smile or frown be fleeter?  
Whether smile or frown be sweeter?  
Who may know?  
Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow  
Light-glooming over eyes divine,  
Like little clouds sun-fringed are thine,  
Ever varying Madeline.

Thy smile and frown are not aloop  
From one another,  
Each to each is dearest brother;  
Hues of the silken, sheeny woof  
Momently shot into each other.  
All the mystery is thine;  
Smiling, frowning, evermore,  
Thou art perfect in love-lore,  
Ever varying Madeline.

*Madeline.*




BEAUTY, Good, and Knowledge  
are three sisters  
That dote upon each other,  
friends to man,  
Living together under the same  
roof,  
And never can be sunder'd without tears.  
*To — : "I send you here."*

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:  
Thou madest man, he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.  
*In Memoriam.*

The old order changeth, yielding place to  
new,  
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the  
world.  
*The Passing of Arthur.*

Once more the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And domes the red-plow'd hills  
With loving blue;  
The blackbirds have their wills,  
The throistles too.  
*Early Spring.*





LIVE thy Life,  
Young and old,  
Like yon oak,  
Bright in spring  
Living gold.

Summer rich  
Then; and then  
Autumn-changed,  
Soberer-hued,  
Gold again.

*The Oak.*

Hope smiles  
from the thresh-  
old of the  
year to come,  
Whispering,  
"It will be  
happier."

*The Foresters.*



It was not all unhappy. His resolve  
Upbore him, and firm faith,  
and evermore  
Prayer from a living source  
within the will,  
And beating up thro' all the  
bitter world,  
Like fountains of sweet water in  
the sea,  
Kept him a living soul.

*Enoch Arden.*

Hurt no man more  
Than you would harm your loving natural  
brother  
Of the same roof, same breast. If any do,  
Albeit he think himself at home with God,  
Of this be sure, he is whole worlds away.

*Queen Mary.*

I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

*In Memoriam.*

The sun, the moon, the stars  
Send no such light upon the ways of men  
As one great deed.

*Tiresias.*



CAST the poison from your bosom,  
oust the madness from your brain,  
Let the trampled serpent show you  
that you have not lived in vain.

*Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After.*

Let not Reason fail me, nor the sod  
Draw from my death Thy living flower  
and grass,  
Before I learn that Love, which is and was  
My Father, and my Brother, and my God!

*Doubt and Prayer.*

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the  
wisest and the best,  
Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy  
hope or break thy rest.  
Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the ship-  
wreck, or the rolling  
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or  
the famine or the pest!

*Faith.*

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*In Memoriam.*

This thing, that thing  
                    is the rage,  
Helter-skelter runs  
            the age;  
Minds on this round  
            earth of ours  
Vary like the leaves  
            and flowers  
Fashion'd after certain laws.  
                    *Poets and Critics.*



Knowledge is the swallow on the lake  
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow  
            there,  
But never yet hath dipt into the  
            abysm, . . .  
For nothing worthy proving  
            can be proven,  
Nor yet disproven.  
            *The Ancient Sage.*







AND the bee buzz'd up in the cold,  
When the flower was wither'd  
and old;

"Have you still any honey,  
my dear?"

She said, "It's the fall of the year,  
But come, come!"

"Hum!"

And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

*The Foresters.*

Love is come with a song and a smile,

Welcome Love with a smile and a song:

Love can stay but a little while.

Why cannot he stay? They call him away;

Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong;

Love will stay for a whole life long.

*Harold.*

The fire of Heaven is on the dusty ways,  
The wayside blossoms open to the blaze;  
The whole wood-world is one full peal of  
praise.

*Balin and Balan.*

For now the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And thaws the cold, and fills  
The flower with dew.

*Early Spring.*



AIN, bootless pursuers of honor  
and fame!

'Tis idle to tell ye, what soon  
ye must prove—

That honor's a bauble, and  
glory a name,

When put in the balance of friendship  
and love.

*"Oh! never may frowns  
and dissension molest!"*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,

'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

From the woods

Came voices of the well-contented doves.

The lark could scarce get out his notes  
for joy,

But shook his song together as he near'd  
His happy home, the ground.

*The Gardener's Daughter.*

Over! the sweet summer closes,

And never a flower at the close;

Over and gone with the roses,

And winter again and the snows.

*Becket.*



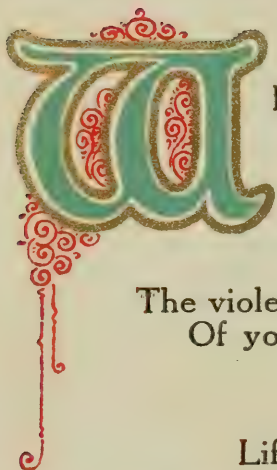
LOVE, thy province were not large,  
A bounded field, nor stretching far;  
Look also, Love, a brooding star,  
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

*In Memoriam.*



I muse on joy  
that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in  
living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams.

*Str Galahad.*



HO can say  
Why To-day  
To-morrow will be  
yesterday?  
Who can tell  
Why to smell  
The violet recalls the dewy prime  
Of youth and buried time?  
*Song.*

Life is not as idle ore,  
But iron dug from central gloom,  
And heated hot with burning fears,  
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
And batter'd with the shocks of doom  
To shape and use. *In Memoriam.*

For all the souls on earth that live  
To be forgiven must forgive.  
Forgive him seventy times and seven:  
For all the blessed souls in Heaven  
Are both forgivers and forgiven.  
*The Promise of May.*

And blessings on the falling out  
That all the more endears,  
When we fall out with those we love  
And kiss again with tears!  
*The Princess.*







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Holly from Tennyson

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